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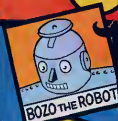
No. 23

10¢

# SMASH COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

**THE RAY**  
IN A SUPER  
THRILLER







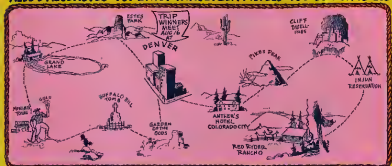
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# DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST



**OFFERS 2 FREE TRIPS TO  
FAMOUS CARTOONIST'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO  
-ALSO 5 RECORDIOS-101 DAISY TARGETEER PISTOLS-100 GUN BRACKETS**



**-SEE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR FURTHER DAISY CONTEST DETAILS -  
GET FREE CONTEST TARGET-ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS**

*Wings on wheels*  
**FOR AIR-MINDED BOYS**



## THE NEW COLUMBIA BICYCLES FOR '41!

The new Columbias are *NEWS!* Speed... style... "maneuverability"... safety... Yes, Sir! They top-rate the field by "test-pilot" performance standards that acknowledge only the best. Quick, smooth take-off, superb balance and easy pedaling give wings to your flight. And for looks... Say! Just take a look at the new Columbias... new duo-tone colors and smart new trim... new Streamliner light, new brilliant safety reflector... new chain guard and new carrier of special design... all exclusive features on the NEW Columbias for '41! Take Dad along, and Mother, too. They'll appreciate your smart sense of value and safety in choosing a

Columbia. See them at your dealer or write us for colorful illustrated folder. THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASS., Dept. P.C.

Look for this name plate on a Genuine Columbia... the best known name in bicycles.



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HAPPY TERRILL, THE YOUNG REPORTER WHO BY A STRANGE WHIM OF FATE, WAS GIVEN THE POWER OF THE MYSTERIOUS RAY, TAKES HIS LITTLE PAL, BUD, TO COVER A STORY AT GRAND CENTRAL. A GLAMOROUS MOVIE STAR IS COMING EAST FROM HOLLYWOOD.



HEY, HAPPY, CAN'T I ASK HER A QUESTION, HUH? CAN I ASK HER IF SHE WEARS A WIG, FAKE EYE-LASHES AND FALSE TEETH?



SUDDENLY TERRILL'S ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO A SMALL SCURRYING FIGURE.



O.K. BUO. YOU TAKE CARE OF THE INTERVIEW. ASK HER WHATEVER YOU LIKE!

HUH?



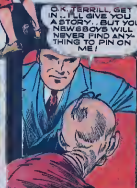
I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT MAN ABOUT A LOT OF TROUBLE



WHY HELLO BEETLE! WHOSE MURDER DID YOU COME TO TOWN FOR THIS TIME?



O.K. TERRILL, GET IN... I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY. BUT YOU NEWSBOYS WILL NEVER FIND ANYTHING TO PIN ON ME!



KEEP YOUR DANDRUFF DOWN, BEETLE... ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE THE FIREWORKS ARE GOING TO BE... JUST A HINT!..



WELL, DON'T PEDDLE IT AROUND. YOU MIGHT DROP IN ON CHINATOWN, THOUGH!.. THE BLOODY ANGLE MAY SEE SOME ACTION AGAIN!



I'M GETTING OFF HERE... AND THANKS FOR THE TIP!



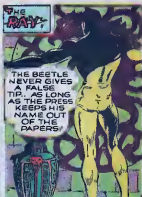
LATER..

HAPPY, I GOT IT! AN EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT... SHE DOES WEAR A WIG!





THAT NIGHT, A POWERFUL FIGURE APPEARS ON THE ROOFTOPS AT THE ILL-FAMED "BLOODY ANGLE"... SITE OF THE WORST BATTLES OF THE TONG WARS.



THE RAY WATCHES AN OLD CHINESE EMERGE FROM A RESTAURANT AND START ACROSS OVER STREET.



SUDDENLY FROM DARK DOORWAYS, A MOB OF THUGS RUSH THE DEFENSELESS MAN.



ON A BEAM OF LIGHT CAST BY A CHINESE LANTERN, THE RAY SWOOPS DOWN.



WITH ELECTRIFYING BLOWE HE SLASHES INTO THE THUGS.

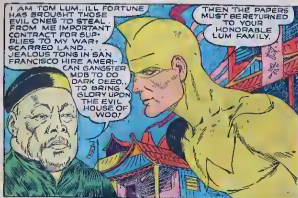


DISPERSING THEM EFFECTIVELY.



A THOUSAND THANKS, OH POWERFUL ONE! FOR SAVING THIS MOST WORTHLESS PERSON!





I AM TOM LUM. ILL FORTUNE HAS BROUGHT THOSE EVIL ONES TO STEAL FROM ME IMPORTANT CONTRACT FOR SUPPLIES TO MY WAR! SCARREO LAND. JEALOUS TONGS IN SAN FRANCISCO HIRE AMERICAN GANGSTER MGB TO DO DARK DEED. TO BRING GLORY UPON THE EVIL HOUSE OF WOO?

THEN THE PAPERS MUST BE RETURNED TO YOUR HONORABLE LUM FAMILY.

MEANWHILE AT HADDY'S APARTMENT...

WHAT'S KEEPING THAT GUY?

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS.. BEETLE ENTERS



WHERE'S TERRILL?

A BRILLIANT FLASH BLINDS THE CROOK MOMENTARILY..



IT COMES FROM BUD'S RAY RING.



NOW I GOTCHA!

BUD PUTS UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM.



GET UP, KID.. AS LONG AS THAT SNOOPY REPORTER ISN'T HERE I'LL USE YOU INSTEAD!



YOU'RE CARRYING IMPORTANT PAPERS TO LOS ANGELES BY PLANE.. BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS.. YOU'LL BE WATCHED ALL THE WAY!

BEWILDERED AND ALONE, BUD IS SOON PLANE BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA. THE CONTRACT OF TOM LUM IN HIS COAT POCKET.



ALTHOUGH BUD REALIZES HE IS BEING SHADOWED, HE FLASHES HIS RAY RING FROM THE WINDOW OF THE PLANE, IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ATTRACT THE RAY'S ATTENTION WHERE- EVER HE MIGHT BE.



OH GEE! OH GOSH! I HOPE HE SEES IT!

DOWN BELOW, THE RAY IS LEAPING SWIFTLY FROM ROOF TO ROOF.



I'LL LOCATE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THAT MOB OR

SUDDENLY

WHAT?



A BEAM OF LIGHT STRIKES ACROSS HIS FACE, LOOKING UP HE CATCHES BUD'S SIGNAL.



TRAVELING ON THE BEAM FROM THE RING, HE SHOOT'S SKYWARD.



HOW'D BUD GET UP HERE?

BUD SIGHS WITH RELIEF AS THE FAMILIAR FACE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.



HIGH ABOVE THEM, A SMALL FAST MONOCOUPÉ KEEPS PACE WITH THE CLIPPER.



HEY, BEETLE! DID YOU SEE THAT?



GIVE DOWN AND GIVE THAT RAY YOUR MACHINE GUN!

BUT THE RAY IS QUICK TO SEE BEETLE'S PLANE.



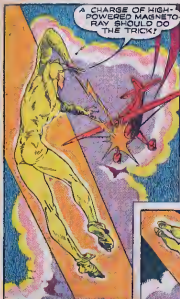
OH WO! LOOKS LIKE AN ATTACK'S IMMINENT!

BUD FOLLOWS WITH HIS BEAM, AS THE RAY SHOOTS OFF THE CLIPPER.



I'LL MEET IT WITH A FAST OFFENSIVE!

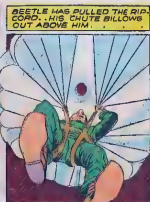




A CHARGE OF HIGH-POWERED MAGNETO-RAY SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



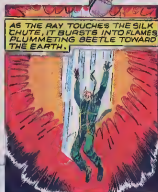
CRIPPLED, THE PLANE FALLS INTO A SPIN, SPILLING OUT ITS OCCUPANTS.



BEETLE HAS PULLED THE RIPCORD. HIS CHUTE BILLOWS OUT ABOVE HIM.



WITH BUD STILL COOPERATING, THE RAY OIVES AFTER BEETLE.



AS THE RAY TOUCHES THE SILK CHUTE, IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES, PLUMMETING BEETLE TOWARD THE EARTH.



BUT THE RAY SWIFTLY GRABS HIM.

PULL OVER TO THE CURB, LITTLE MAN!



HE OVERTAKES THE TRANSPORT, DRAGGING BEETLE WITH HIM.



DON'T WORRY. I'LL HOLD YOU ON THE TAIL OF THIS SHIP TILL WE REACH CALIFORNIA!

OOOOOOOH!

SOON THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE OF SAN FRANCISCO IS SIGHTED.



THE RAY LEAVES THE PLANE AS IT LANDS.



BUO IS MET BY A WELCOMING COMMITTEE.



THEY DRIVE INTO THE HEART OF CHINATOWN.



AT THE HOME OF LONG WOO, THEY FIND THE CHINESE SURROUNDED BY HIS AMERICAN GANGSTER COHORTS. BEETLE STANDS TREMBLING IN THEIR MIGHT.





STRUGGLING, BUD IS DRAGGED BEFORE A HIDEOUS IDOL.

NO! LEGGO O' ME! HEY!



SPAWN OF A MISERABLE VERMIN YOU SHALL DIE FOR YOUR OBJECTIONS!

NO! LONG WOO... I'LL LET ME EXPLAIN!



THE ROOM WHIRLS DIZZILY BEFORE BUD, AS STRANGE LIGHTS SEEM TO FLICKER FROM THE BUDDHA'S EYES TO THE WEIRD SCENE BELOW.

THEN, AS IF FROM THE VERY EYES OF THE BUDDHA, THE POWERFUL FORM OF THE RAY APPEARS.



THE RAY QUICKLY SUBDUES THE RACKETEERS, BUT LONG WOO MAKES A GETAWAY, CLOSING A HEAVY IRON DOOR AFTER HIM.





FREED BY THE RAY, BUD DASHES TOWARD THE DOOR.



THAT DOOR IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY!



STAND BACK!

THE RAY THROWS A TERRIFIC VOLT AT THE DOOR. IT SHATTERS WITH A DEAFENING ROAR.



THE ROOM BEHIND BURSTS INTO FLAMES, AND A STAGGERING FIGURE LOOMS THROUGH THE FIRE.



LONG WOO FALLS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD DEAD.



SCOOPING BUD UP IN HIS ARMS, THE RAY DASHES OUT.



SIRENS WAILING, THE POLICE AND FIREMEN ARRIVE TO QUENCH THE FIRE AND TAKE THE THUGS IN TOW.



HAPPY TERRILL APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

SURE AND I GOT THERE IN TIME TO TAKE THOSE HOOD LUMS SINGLEHANDED? IT WAS A TOUGH FIGHT, ER ME NAME'S MOIKE FINNEGAN?

AMAZING!



AND BUD HAS THE HONOR OF PHONING THE NEWS TO NEW YORK.



The Ray, America's comic sensation, appears in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

# WINGS WENDALL



By  
VERNON  
HENKEL

EUROPE IS IN FLAMES AS A GREAT DEMOCRACY FIGHTS WITH ITS BACK TO THE WALL, AGAINST THE FORCES OF DICTATORSHIP. AMERICA GIVES A PLEDGE OF ALL POSSIBLE AID, SHORT OF WAR, AGAINST THE DICTATORSHIP.

..IN THE UNITED STATES

WE MUST AID THE FORCES OF FREEDOM. WE MUST SEND THE DEMOCRACIES PLANES...PLANES... TO CRUSH THIS DICTATOR NATION!



SOON PLANE AFTER PLANE IS WINGING OVER THE ATLANTIC..



IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE EMBATTLED NATION, CHEERING THOUSANDS GATHER TO GREET THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHIPS..



HERE THEY COME!

HURRAH!

THE PLANES ROAR OVER THE HEART OF THE CITY.



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, A CLOUD OF BOMBS DROP FROM THE LOW-FLYING SHIPS....



HORRIBLY DISMAYED, THE AWE-STRIKEN POPULACE WATCH THE BOMBERS FLY ON INTO THE INTERIOR OF EUROPE.



OH.. THE VILE FIENDS!

THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!

BUT THEY RETURN THAT NIGHT, ON A BOMBING RAID.. NOW BEARING THE INSIGNIA OF THE DICTATOR NATION!



IN AMERICA...HIGH RANKING INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS MEET IN SECRET SESSION

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER...THOSE SHIPS FELL INTO ALIEN HANDS BEFORE THEY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC, AND WE'RE SENDING A HUNDRED MORE IN A FEW DAYS!



GENERAL HARRISON, HEAD OF INTELLIGENCE, SPEAKS..

AND WINGS WENDALL WILL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



A SECRET AIRPORT A FEW MILES AWAY..

WE'RE FLYING OVER THE ROUTE THOSE BOMBERS WILL TAKE, SPINNER!

WOW!  
ACTION!



WE'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW THAT FLIGHT GOT INTO THE DICTATOR'S HANDS!



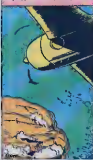
SOON MILE AFTER MILE SLIPS AWAY BENEATH THE BULLET PLANE'S WINGS..



ONE MORE FIELD TO CHECK, IT'S THE BASE WHERE THE SHIPS REFUEL BEFORE THEY HOP THE OCEAN!



LATER.. WENDALL CIRCLES OVER THE BASE..



LOOK! DICTATOR SUBMARINES IN THE HARBOR/ SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!..WHEN THE PLANES LAND, THEY CAPTURE THE PILOTS, AND TAKE THE SHIPS!



SWIFTLY THE BULLET-PLANE ROARS AWAY

HEY! YOU'RE RUNNIN' AWAY.. AIN'T WE GONNA FIGHT 'EM!



YOU BET WE ARE! BUT FIRST WE'RE FLYING TO STANLEY FIELD FOR HELP!



AT STANLEY FIELD

IT'S A BIT IRREGULAR, BUT I'LL HELP YOU, WENDALL!



SOON A MIGHTY ARMADA FOLLOWS WENDALL SEAWARD





NEAR THEIR OBJECTIVE  
WINGS SPEEDS AHEAD  
OF HIS COMPANIONS..



HE CIRCLES LOW  
OVER THE SUBS...

LET GO WITH THE  
SMOKE, SPINNER!



THIS SMOKE RING  
WILL MAKE A  
SWEET TARGET  
SIGHT FOR THE  
BOMBERS!



WINGS! THE SUBS!  
THEY'RE GONNA  
SUBMERGE!

AND HERE  
COME OUR  
PLANES!



THE AMERICAN BOMBERS DIVE THRU  
THE RING AND RELEASE THEIR BOMBS..



ALMOST DIRECT HITS  
TEAR THE SUBS TO  
MANGLED WRECKAGE..



NOW WE'LL LAND  
AND CLEAN UP THE  
FOREIGN RATS  
WHO TOOK  
POSSESSION OF  
THAT ISLAND



THE SCRAPPING AMERICANS  
LAND, AND AN UNDECLARED  
WAR TAKES PLACE..



WINGS! THERE'S A LOT  
OF AERIAL BOMBS IN  
HERE.. THEY MUST'VE  
BEEN UNLOADED  
FROM THE SUB!

THAT GIVES  
ME AN IDEA!



AS THE ARMY PLANES HEAD  
BACK TO STANLEY FIELD, THE  
HUNDRED HEAVY BOMBERS  
ROAR IN FOR REFUELING..



WHILE THE TANKS ARE BEING FILLED, WENDALL TALKS RAPIDLY TO THE PILOTS.



SOUNDS LIKE A BIG ORDER. SURE BUT WE'RE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN WENDALL!

YEAH, WE'LL MAKE HEAD-LINES IN TOMORROW'S PAPERS!



BOMB RACKS ARE SWIFTLY LOADED, THEN.



THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF A HUNDRED PLANES, AS THE BOMBERS SPEED TOWARD EUROPE.



LATER...A POWERFUL DICTATOR RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE..

THE AMERICAN-MADE BOMBERS CROSSED THE BORDER..EVIDENTLY OUR PILOTS WERE SUCCESSFUL!



GOOD! WITH THOSE BOMBERS WE'LL DEAL OUR ENEMY A CRUSHING BLOW!



AS WINGS AND HIS BUD-DIES CARRY OUT THEIR REVENGE ATTACK, CUTTING A TERRIBLE PATH THRU THE DICTATOR COUNTRY... FACTORIES, AIR-BASES, SHIPYARDS.. NOTHING IS SPARED!



DO SOMETHING! QUICK... SEND UP THE SUICIDE SQUADRON - THEY MUST BE STOPPED!



...BUT AS FAST AS THE PLANES COME UP, THE FLASHING BULLET-PLANE DOWNS THEM.



THAT WAS A SUICIDE SQUADRON, SPINNER!

SUICIDE IS RIGHT.. WHEN THEY TANGLE WITH US!

LATER...THE PLANES RETURN TO A DEMOCRATIC BASE...

NICE JOB YOU DID, WENDALL! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CAPTAIN ONE OF OUR SQUADRONS!

THANK YOU, SIR...BUT I OWE MY SERVICES TO AMERICA!











BEFORE LONG THE ROBBER LOOKS LIKE A HOBGO, AND IS ON HIS WAY.



BUT BEFORE THE THUGS CAN FIRE A BARRAGE OF GREASE CANS, STREAKS AT THEM...



HA! HA! THAT  
TAKES CARE OF  
THAT! NOW TO  
GET BUSY ON  
THE OTHER  
ANGLE!



LIKE THE WIND THE  
JESTER STREAKS TO A  
POLICE STATION!



YOU'LL WAKE  
UP SOON  
AGAIN!



THEN—THE GUARD  
TO THIS CELLS...



BEFORE I GO, BOYS—  
I JUST WANT YOU  
TO KNOW LIMPY  
GOT 100 GRAND—  
NOT 50!



WHAT?  
WHY,  
TH'  
LOW-DOWN  
DOUBLE...!



MULLIGAN IS GOING TO  
HATE ME  
MORE AND  
MORE FOR  
THIS!



H'YA  
GARGE!

THE  
JESTER!



WELL!  
LOOKEE  
HERE ..  
THE CELLS,  
ARE OPENIN'!



C'MON—ALL YOU  
HOBOS...  
BEAT IT!



FRY MAN HIDE!  
STEP ASIDE, SON!



WHAT TH'?? HEY! I  
GOTTA STAY HERE, I  
JUST GOTTA MAKE  
OUT I'M SLEEPIN'!



CLEVER  
IDEA, LIMPY—  
GETTING YOUR-  
SELF PUT IN  
JAIL ON A  
"AGRANCY CHARGE"  
SO MULLIGAN  
CAN'T FIND  
YOU!



PUTTING ON AN ACT, EH?  
BY THE WAY, I TOLD YOUR  
PALS THAT YOU LIFTED SO  
GRAND FOR YOURSELF OUT  
OF THE ICE  
YOU  
STOLE!



MAYBE THIS  
WILL WAKE  
YOU!



OR AT  
LEAST IT  
SHOULD!



OW!



NOW, MY  
FRIEND, I'M  
GOING TO USE  
YOU AS BAIT  
IN A LITTLE  
PLAN OF MINE!



WHAT'CHA  
GONNA  
DO?

YOU'LL  
SOON  
KNOW  
NOW, MOVE!



YOU'RE  
GONNA  
HANG ME?

YEP, BUT  
NOT BY YOUR  
NECK!



WITH A LONG ROPE  
THE JESTER  
LOWERS LIMPY DOWN  
INTO AN ALLEY...



I-I CAN'T GET LOOSE!  
IF TH' GODS SEE ME  
I'M DONE FOR AN' IF  
GUS AND HANK FIND  
ME THEY'LL  
WHAT AM I GONNA  
DO ????



MEANWHILE, THE JESTER  
PICKS UP THE TRAIL OF  
GUS AND HANK WHO  
LOOK FOR LIMPY.



HEY! YOU'LL  
FIND LIMPY IN  
DUNN'S  
ALLEY!

WHO  
SAID  
THAT??

I DUNNO  
BUT C'MON!



THEN...

HEY MULLIGAN!  
YOU'LL FIND THAT  
BANK-ROBBER  
IN DUNN'S  
ALLEY!



WHAT  
TH'?

BEFORE THE POLICE  
OR THE CROOKS REACH  
THE ALLEY THE  
JESTER IS AGAIN ON  
THE ROOF ABOVE LIMPY.



THEN FROM BOTH  
ENDS OF THE ALLEY  
RUSH THE TWO THUGS,  
AND THE POLICE



THERE'S  
TH' RAT!



GUNS BARK  
OUT, BUT LIMPY  
SHOOTS UPWARD  
OUT OF THE LINE  
OF FIRE!



WHAT  
TH'?

SO YOU ONLY  
GOT 50 GRAND,  
EH? YOU RAT!  
IT WAS 100!!



WELL, WHAT  
DO YOU  
KNOW  
ABOUT  
IT?

GULP!  
I  
FORGOT!  
COPS!

THIS GUY THAT FLIES  
UP T'THE ROOF.  
I CAN'T  
FIGURE THIS  
OUT.  
H-HEY!



A ROUND OBJECT  
STRIKES MULLIGAN

THE JESTER!—HE'S IN  
CAHOOTS WITH THE  
CROOKS! SURROUND THE  
PLACE, I'M GOING UP  
T'THE ROOF AFTER  
THEM!!



AS MULLIGAN  
REACHES THE ROOF!

CHUCK LANE! THE  
ROOKIE! WHERE'S  
THAT JESTER??



W-WHY, ER, I  
HAD HIM DOWN, READY  
TO FILL HIM FULL OF  
LEAD BUT HE SLIPPED  
DOWN A DRAIN PIPE  
AND GOT AWAY!



ONCE AGAIN THE JESTER  
DISSOLVES INTO THE  
PERSON OF CHUCK LANE

THE

# Purple T-RIO

by  
S.M. Regi



THE TRIO, WARREN, ROCKY AND TINY ARE DOING A ONE NIGHT STAND FOR A BRONCO-BUSTING AUDIENCE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SWEET CACTUS, ARIZONA.

HEY! IF YOU GUYS'LL WAIT 'TIL NEXT WEEK, I'LL HAVE YOUR DOUGH!

BUT A FORCED SEARCH PROVES FRUITLESS..

YEAH? WELL, WE WANT TO BE PAID...AND NOW!

I TELL YA! I AIN'T GOT IT.. THEY MADE ME PAY MY RENT THIS WEEK!



AW, COME ON! CAN'T I MILK A DRY COW?

SO THE TRIO ARE STRANDED  
ON THE DUSTY ROAD  
OUT OF SWEET CACTUS.



BUT TRANSPORTATION  
ARRIVES AT LAST.

GREET THE  
TWENTIETH  
CENTURY  
LIMITED!



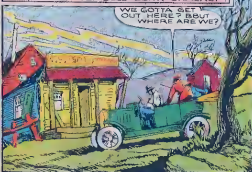
HEY, MISTER, YOU  
OUGHT TO TRADE  
THIS LIMOUSINE!  
IN, YOU MIGHT  
GET 20 CENTS  
FOR IT! HEH!  
HEH!

HEH  
HEH  
YOURSELF  
HE IS NOT  
AMUSED!

TALKATIVE  
CUSS?



THEIR CHAUFFEUR DRIVES IN SILENCE,  
UNTIL HE SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE  
A SQUAD OF TUMBLER-DOWN SHACKS.



HAY HAY! HAY!  
THIS HYAR'S  
A GHOST TOWN!  
AN ME I'M  
A G-GHOST!  
HAI HAI!



WELL, IF  
THAT'S NOT  
JUST OUR  
LUCK!

HAY HAY!  
HO! HO!  
HEE WHEE  
HAI HAI!  
HAI, HAI!



THERE'S NOTHING  
FOR US TO DO BUT  
SPEND THE NIGHT  
IN THIS CREEP  
JOINT!



BUT BEFORE THEY ARE  
BEDDED DOWN FOR THE  
NIGHT...

HEY, ROCKY! GIVE  
A LOOK!  
THEY ARE  
REAL? OR  
GHOSTS?



ACROSS THE SADDLE OF ONE OF THE RIDERS LIES A PROSTRATE FORM...



THEY'RE NOT SPOOKS! BUT WHO EVER THEY ARE THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!



HEY, KELLAS LOOKY

LIKE A SAVAGE SPIRIT OUT OF THE PAST, AN INDIAN CREEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...



ROCKY IS ALMOST SKINNED BY THE DEADLY BLADE...



HEY!

BUT...



THIS IS WHAT THEY MEAN BY GIVING IT BACK TO THE INDIANS!

JUST THEN THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN...



WE'LL HOLD HIM IN HERE!

WARREN AND ROCKY HAVE DUCKED...



BETTER TIE HIM UP 'FORE HE COMES TO!

VIPPIN COVOTES! THOSE GUYS ARE KIDNAPPERST I'VE SEEN THEIR MUGS ON 'WANTED' SIGNS!



WOLF BANG! WHAT IN THUNDER HIT HIM?





WARREN DECIDES TO  
USE HIS "TALENTS AS  
A VENTRILOQUIST."

SIT ALONG, YOU  
PUNY PRAIRIE DOGS!

HUH?

I'M DOG-FACED TEX  
AND I DON'T TAKE NO  
BACK TALK FROM YOU  
LIVIN' DEVILS! WHEN I  
DIED IN THIS TOWN IT  
WUZ CLOSED FER  
GOODY

D-DOG-FACE!

HAW! HAW! HAS HE GOT  
THEM SCARED?

TINY  
LAUGHS  
TOO  
HARD.

ULDT  
HEV!

DJA HEAR THAT  
SLIM? THEI WUZ  
NO GHOST  
NOISEY

IT CAME FROM HERE...  
BUT NO LIVIN' MAN  
COULDA HID IN  
THIS SMALL  
BARREL!

TINY HAS FOUND HIS  
WAY OUT.

CLOSE SHAVE?

THE HORSES IS  
WHINNEYIN', COME  
ON!

SLIM! THEY  
UNTELTERED THEM-  
SELVES.. THEY'RE  
MAKIN' OFF!...  
WHOAH!  
THIS TOWN  
MUST BE  
HAUNTED!

BUT..

ATTABOY...  
GODDAP! I THINK  
I'LL BE A STUNT  
MAN FOR  
WESTERNS!



BUT SLIM AND PEDRO SOON WISH  
IT HAD BEEN ONLY GHOSTS. . .



THE KIDNAPPED MAN COMES  
TO IN THE MIST OF THE  
BATTLE



BUT . . .  
NOW GIT  
BACK, YOU  
ORNERY  
HORNTOADS,  
AND  
REACH!



AS THEY STEP BACK, THE  
ROTTING WOOD GIVES WAY  
THE WALL CRASHES BEHIND  
THEM





AND DEAD-EYE TINY COMES SHOOTIN' UP THE ROAD...



THE KIDNAPPED MAN HAS REGAINED HIS STRENGTH.



THE BANDITS ARE RIDDEN BACK TO SWEET CACTUS

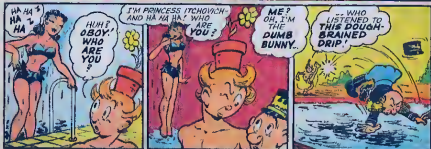
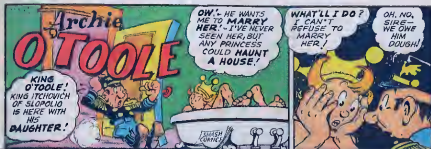


LATER



NO MORE JALLOPY RIDES FOR OUR HEROES. THE PURPLE TRIO IS TRAVELING IN LUXURY NOW...







# Midnight

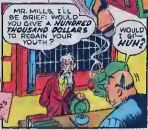
HERE HE IS!



by JACK COLE

BY DAY HE IS JUST DAVE CLARK, SPOT ANNOUNCER FOR STATION WRAM. BUT WHEN NIGHT SHADOWS FALL, HE DOES THE EERIE GARG OF MIDNIGHT, THE MIGHTY FRIEND OF THE NEEDY AND FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD!

STORY OPENS IN THE BIG CITY NATIONAL BANK. AN OLD MAN ENTERS THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.



MR. MILLS, I'LL BE BRIEF: WOULD YOU GIVE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO REGAIN YOUR YOUTH?

WOULD I, GIM HUN?



HAW! HAW! MY YOUTH! NO HO HO! WHAT IS THIS -- A GAG?

QUITE!

INTO THE BANKER'S MOUTH FLIES THE CAPSULE, AND AN UNBELIEVABLE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...



GULP!

FROM MAN --



GOO!

TO BOY --



TO BABY IN!! ONE MINUTE!!



THERE! BY THE GRACE OF MY DISCOVERY HE IS YOUNG AGAIN! IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT SUCH A SERVICE BE REWARDED.

VAULT ROOM? BRING IN A HUNDRED THOUSAND IN BIG DILLS, TO MY OFFICE!



HERE IT IS, MR. MILLS -- BUT WHERE IS --?

HOLD IT!!



YOU TOO ARE ONCE MORE A CHILD, THROUGH THE COURTESY OF DR. WACKEY! I REALLY SHOULD CHARGE FOR BOTH JOBS, BUT ALAS I AM A CHARITABLE MAN! GOOD DAY CHILDREN!



ANOTHER KIDNAP ROBBERY! AND EACH KIDNAP VICTIM REPLACED BY A BABY! BY GEORGE, THIS CASE IS RIFE FOR PICKING! I THINK I'LL HANG AROUND A BANK FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS!!

MY CAR RAGES THROUGHOUT BIG CITY AS FIVE MORE BANKS ARE ROBBED! AMONG THOSE INTERESTED IS DAVE CLARK.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER ACROSS FROM THE CITY TRUST CO.

NO HENRY LOOKS LIKE I'M WAITING IN VAIN! THAT'S A QUER LOOKING DUCK COMING OUT!



HA!!



BUT BEFORE HE CAN SHOOT I SAID-



WAH!



RED FIRE! FROM MAN TO INFANT IN NOTHING FLAT! THE CROOK'S ESCAPING!

HERE'S THIRTY BUCKS, SON! BUY A NEW BIKE!



DAVE DRAWS HIS SECRET VACUUM GUN AND FIRES

HOPE THE CROOK WILL REACH!

BAM!



THE SUCTION CUP STICKS TO DR. WACKEY'S CAR-THEY'RE OFF!

SO THE BANK PRESIDENT'S KIDNAPERS WEREN'T NIPPED AFTER ALL! THEY WERE CHANGED TO BABIES, BUT NOW??



A DRAWBRIDGE! THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF! BUT TONIGHT MIDNIGHT PICKS UP WHERE DAVE CLARK LEFT OFF!



THAT NIGHT MIDNIGHT SPEEDS TOWARD THE ISLAND WITH GABBY HIS TALKING MONKEY!!

THERE IT IS, GAB!

WOW! SPOOEY AIN'T IT?







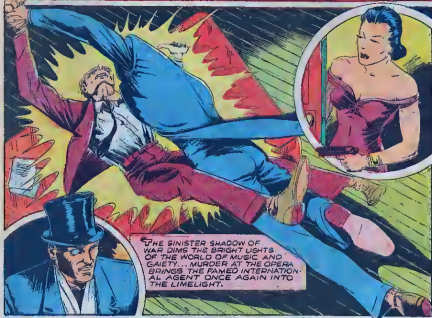


Another sensational installment of Midnight in the July issue of

SMASH COMICS.

# ESPIONAGE

## STARRING BLACK X



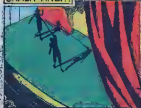
THE SINISTER SHADOW OF WAR DIMS THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE WORLD OF MUSIC AND GAIETY... MURDER AT THE OPERA BRINGS THE FAMED INTERNATIONAL AGENT ONCE AGAIN INTO THE LIMELIGHT.

BLACK X ESCORTS THE GLAMOUR GIRL OF THE YEAR, SANDRA SANDERS, TO THE OPERA.

LIKE IT?

IT'S JUST PERFECT FROM THIS BOX!

THE TENOR REACHES THE PEAK OF HIS SOLO... HE WHIRLS A HEAVY LANCE ABOUT. SUDDENLY THE CYMBALS CRASH AND...

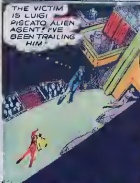


HE JABBED THAT LANCE INTO THE BARITONE? THAT WASN'T PART OF THE ACT!



BLACK X LEAPS TO THE STAGE. THE TENOR FLEES

THE VICTIM  
IS LUIGI  
PISCATO, ALIEN  
AGENT. I'VE  
BEEN TRAILING  
HIM.



OUT  
OF MY WAY!  
NOBODY  
STOP ME!



BACKSTAGE IS A MAD-  
HOUSE OF SHRILL EX-  
CITEMENT AS BLACK X  
DASHES THROUGH.



HE SPOTS TWO DARK  
FIGURES IN THE  
SHADOWS.



COME OUT OF  
THERE! I  
WANT TO  
TALK TO  
YOU!

THE TWO MEN EDGE  
BEHIND A DRESSING  
ROOM DOOR



YEAH!  
COME IN  
AND  
GET  
US!



I WILL!

WITH THE SPEED BORN OF FURY,  
BLACK X LUNGES AT ONE  
SWARTHY VILLAIN.



THERE!  
SO MUCH  
FOR YOU!



BUT THE OTHER MAN  
LOOMS UP BEHIND



MY STILETTO  
SHE STOP YOUR  
SNOOPING!

BLACK X DUCKS  
QUICKLY. THE DARK  
GOES WILD.



THE MAN WILTS  
TO THE FLOOR...  
A MATCHBOOK  
FALLS FROM HIS  
UNCONSCIOUS  
GRASP...



HMM... JUST A  
MATCHBOOK  
NO! LOOK  
AT WHAT'S  
SCRIBBLED  
INSIDE!



AS BLACK X  
POWERS, A  
WALL PANEL  
SLIDES QUIETLY  
OPEN.

THAT'S THE FASCIST  
GROUP I'VE HEARD  
ABOUT! THEY'RE  
PLOTING TO OVER-  
THROW OUR GOVERNMENT  
AND STOP OUR AIO  
TO BRITAIN!



A HAND REACHES OVER  
BLACK X'S SHOULDER...



THE PANEL IS  
CLOSED WHEN  
HE WHIRLS  
ABOUT.

WHO? OH!  
THAT  
BRACELET!  
IT WASN'T  
HERE BEFORE!



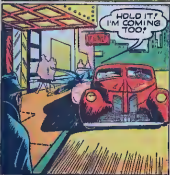
THIS  
BELONGS  
TO MADAME  
DOOM!



SO SHE'S IN ON THIS  
TOO! THAT'S  
GOING TO MAKE  
IT A LITTLE  
MORE  
INTERESTING!



HE DASHES OUT... A CAR IS JUST  
LEAVING THE OPERA HOUSE WHEN...



HOLD IT!  
I'M COMING  
TOO!

MADAME DOOM,  
I'LL RELIEVE  
YOU OF THAT  
GUN!



DRIVER, YOU'LL TAKE  
US TO 11-29 RIVERVIEW  
DRIVE... FAST!



THE CAR RACES ALONG LONELY DARK ROADS.



BRANCHING OFF TO RIVERVIEW DRIVE, THEY PAUSE BEFORE A HIGH CLIFF.



SUDDENLY A SIDE OF THE CLIFF SWINGS OPEN.



YOU'LL STAY HERE TILL I RETURN, MADAME DOOM!



THE CHAUFFEUR HAS IDEAS OF FREEDOM.



BUT A SINGLE BLOW FROM BLACK X LEAVES HIM COLD.



AS HE RELEASES THE BUTTON, A WALL PANEL SLIDES AWAY.





LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS, BLACK X INVESTIGATES FURTHER...



H-M-M. LOOKS LIKE AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE GOING ON DOWN THERE!

LUIGI PISCATO IS DEAD... OUR PLANS ARE KNOWN TO NONE BUT OURSELVES... NOW WE CAN START THE REAL WORK... THIS BUTTON IS WIRED TO MINES PLANTED IN EVERY MAJOR AMERICAN AIRDROME...



BRAVO!

VIVA ROMANO!

BLACK X LEAPS FROM THE BALCONY.

WHEN I PRESS IT, AMERICAN DEFENSE AVIATION WILL BE NO MORE!... AND THAT ENDS BRITISH DEFENSE TOO!



THIS IS MY CUE!

YOU PRESS NO BUTTONS TODAY, GENTLEMEN!



ANGRILY HE RIPS THE BUZZER FROM THE WIRE, AND...



I'M AWARE OF YOUR FASCIST SABOTAGE SCHEME... WELL, IT DIDN'T WORK!

KILL HIM! SEIZE HIM!



BLACK X IS CORNERED BY ROMANO'S MEN...



IN A CONCENTRATED TACKLE, HE IS BURIED BENEATH THEM...



HA HA! WE KEEL YOU!

UGH-O-O-OF.

NO SPY CAN LEARN OUR PLANS AND LIVE!

SNOOPER.

BLACK X IS DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF A GREAT PIT



THROW THE DOG IN!



BUT BLACK X LUNGES AT ONE GUARD



ANOTHER GUARD RUSHES FORWARD WITH A MACHINE GUN



BLACK X SENDS HIM FLYING ATOP HIS COLLEAGUE.



BOTH GUARDS LOSE THEIR BALANCE AND TUMBLE INTO THE ACID PIT.



AND ROMANO, THE OUTLAW LEADER IS ALONE AGAINST BLACK X.



I'LL BORROW YOUR PHONE!



FBI, NEW YORK? HAVE UNCOVERED SABOTAGE RING.



NOW, ROMANO, WE WAIT FOR THE FBI. I'LL JUST KEEP YOU COMPANY.



A SHORT TIME LATER, FBI CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CAMOUFLAGED GATE



GOOD WORK, BLACK X... NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



BUT WHEN BLACK X REACHES THE CAR...



# INVISIBLE JUSTICE

WALT GORDON

FIGHTING AGAINST TIME AND TERRIFIC ODDS, KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, BATTLES THE CRYSTAL QUEEN AND HER CRAFTY AID, CAGLIO, THE MAGICIAN, WHO THREATENS THE WORLD WITH THE BLUE DEATH....

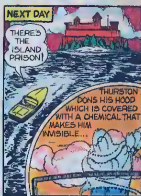
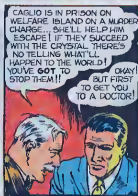
LOOK, KENT!  
HERE'S THE MOST  
VALUABLE OF ALL  
MY COLLECTION—  
IT'S CALLED  
THE BLUE  
CRYSTAL!

IT IS CENTURIES OLD AND  
ACCORDING TO LEGEND  
CONTAINS HIDDEN POWERS!  
BUT AS YET NO ONE HAS  
BEEN ABLE TO BRING FORTH  
THOSE POWERS... AND  
WHAT THEY ARE,  
NO ONE KNOWS!

SOME SAY ITS POWERS  
ARE ORDINARY, BUT  
OTHERS SAY THEY  
ARE STRONG...  
YES—EVEN  
DEADLY....

WHAT'S  
THAT?

DON'T MOVE!  
YOU ARE  
COVERED—I HAVE  
COME FOR THE  
BLUE CRYSTAL!



FIVE MINUTES LATER

TIMES UP, CAGLIO ...  
WHAT TH-?! GET THAT  
AWAY FROM MY  
EYES. ...UGH-



SUDDENLY THE GUARD LETS OUT  
A YELL AND COLLAPSES IN A  
DEAD HEAR...

LOOK!  
HIS FACE  
AND HANDS  
HAVE TURNED  
BLUE-IT  
WORKED!



I CAN SEE IT  
NOW-THE BLUE  
DEATH WILL  
TERRORIZE  
EVERYONE!

WE'RE  
COMING TO  
THE DOCK  
OH-OH! HERE  
COME MORE  
GUARDS!



CAGLIO TURNS THE BLUE  
CRYSTAL ON A WALL  
BEHIND THE APPROACHING  
MEN....



HAHAHAHA!  
THAT'LL SHOW  
THEM WHO  
IS MASTER!

CAGLIO!  
QUICK-  
GET INTO  
THIS  
BOAT!



MEANWHILE THE INVISIBLE HOOD  
HAD WANDERED INTO THE PRISON...

GREAT SCOTT!! THE  
BLUE CRYSTAL REALLY  
WORKS.... THERE GO  
CAGLIO AND THE GIRL...  
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!!



HOURS LATER, AS THE BOAT NEARS  
A LANDING UP THE BAY... THEY ARE  
UNAWARE OF THE NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINES THEY HAVE  
MADE....





AS THE BOAT ENTERS A STONE ENCLOSURE, A HEAVY IRON GATE DROPS AFTER IT.



THE HOOD FOLLOWS THE TWO PLOTTERS...



YOU ARE WRONG, CAGLIO! ONLY I SHALL RULE THE WORLD... OR ELSE THIS GUN SHALL SPEAK!!

YOU FAIL TO REMEMBER IT IS I WHO HAVE BROUGHT THE BLUE CRYSTAL TO LIFE! WITHOUT ME YOU ARE POWERLESS!!



AS THE HOOD LEAPS AT THE GIRL, HE DROPS THE BLUE CRYSTAL....



THE DYING MAGICIAN EAGERLY GRABS IT....



A MINUTE LATER THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND THE CRYSTAL QUEEN'S FORTRESS IS NO MORE....



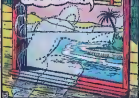
WHEN! LUCKY I'M INVISIBLE. IT DIDN'T HARM ME!!



WHAT A STONE!! WHAT A GAL!... AND WHAT A SWIM AHEAD OF ME!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THERE'S STILL A WINDOW LEFT TO JUMP FROM!



When a riding team this glorious Polaris joins out on duty with a police's top speed, it's still again at the best combined day.



Give yourself a "**Break**"!

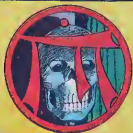
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**MORROW COASTER BRAKE**



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION  
ELMHURST, NEW YORK



# The **SCARLET SEAL**

by  
*HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL*

LIEUTENANT  
BARRY MOORE  
IS ALSO THE DEB  
SCARLET SEAL, FOE  
OF GANGLAND, AND  
IS SOUGHT BY THE  
FORCES OF BOTH  
LAW AND LAW-  
LESSNESS

## AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THIS DEB, BERNICE FONDA,  
HAS DISAPPEARED, BARRY, AND  
IT'S UP TO US TO **FIND** HER!  
HER OLD MAN HAS **ORAG**,  
AND **HOW!**

HE **MUST**, TO  
HAVE THE CASE  
DUMPED IN YOUR  
LAP, GAD!

ACCORDING TO WHAT WE  
**HAVE**, THE **LAST** HEARD OF  
BERNICE, SHE WAS ON HER WAY  
TO SEE THAT **SCULPTOR**  
**FELLOW, MORTA!**

THAT  
**NEWMAN** WITH THE  
**REALISTIC**  
**BRONZE**  
**STATUES?**

THE SAME! AND SAY, **NOBODY**  
SEEMS TO REALLY **KNOW**  
**MUCH** ABOUT THIS **MORTA!**

THAT'S  
QUEER!  
HE'S SO  
**FAMOUS!**

## MEANWHILE, AT MORTA'S STUDIO -

AH, MY DEAR, YOU WILL MAKE  
SUCH A **LOVELY** **STATUE!**

NO-NO!

WE'LL GO AROUND AND SEE  
THIS **MYSTERIOUS MORTA!**  
AND, THIS **PHOTO** MAY COME  
IN **HANDY!**

LET'S MOVE,  
BARRY!

AND LEAVING POLICE HEADQUARTERS

## LATER, AT MORTA'S STUDIO.

FROM THE **POLICE**, YOU SAY?  
COME **IN**, GENTLEMEN!

JUST A FEW  
QUESTIONS!

MISS FONDA? YES, SHE POSED  
FOR ME, FOR - **THIS!**  
YOU SAY SHE HAS  
**DISAPPEARED!**  
HOW **SAD!**

GOSH, WHAT A  
**BEAUTIFUL** **JOB!**

ART'S THE  
**BUNK!**

THE **FBI** MAY HAVE SOME  
INFORMATION! I'LL GET HIS  
FINGERPRINTS!

OH, MR. MORTA -

TO MAKE SURE WOULD YOU MIND IDENTIFYING THIS PHOTO OF MISS FONDA?



OF COURSE!

YES SHE'S THE ONE ALL RIGHT! SHE POSED FOR ME!



THANKS, LET'S GO, DAD!

OUTSIDE MORTA'S STUDIO -

WHAT WAS THAT FOR, BARRY?



TO GET HIS FINGER-PRINTS, DAD I'LL SEND 'EM TO THE FBI

THE NEXT DAY -

SAY, DAD, THE FBI HAVE MORTA'S PRINTS! WAS IN THE ARMY IN 1916, AND THEN HE WAS AN EMBALMER - I WONDER -



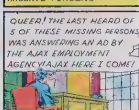
CAPTAIN MOORE -

-THERE SEEMS TO BE A WAVE OF MISSING PERSONS DETERMINE IF THERE IS ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE AND THE FONDA CASE!



OK, COMMISSIONER

AFTER EXAMINING THE RECORDS OF THE OTHER MISSING PERSONS



QUEER! THE LAST HEARD OF 5 OF THESE MISSING PERSONS WAS ANSWERING AN AD BY THE AJAX EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! AJAX HERE I COME!

LATER, AT THE AJAX EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!

SURE, I REMEMBER THOSE FIVE, LIEUTENANT MOORE THEY NEVER CAME BACK TO PAY ME!



OK SIR!

IF THEY WERE HIRED BY A SIX-FOOT SCARECROW, THAT LOOKED LIKE AN UNDERTAKER, YOU'LL NEVER GET PAID I FEAR!



THEN I MOUT OF LUCK, FOR THAT'S THE MAN WHO HIRED 'EM!

LATER, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

A SEARCH WARRANT FOR MR MORTA'S STUDIO ON THIS EVIDENCE? ABSURD, LIEUTENANT MOORE!



OK SIR!

RIGHTS OF OUR CITIZENS MUST BE RESPECTED!



AND CROOKS ARE CITIZENS! HENCE, THE SCARLET SEAL!

BARRY GOES INTO HIS SECRET LABORATORY -



THIS CAMERA AND FLASH POWDER COME IN HANDY!

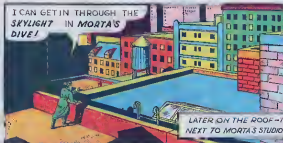
THRU A SECRET DOOR TO THE NEXT BUILDING, WHERE A TRANSFORMATION IS MADE -



NEXT STOP, MORTA'S.

-AND THE SCARLET SEAL LEAVES BY A DOOR TO ANOTHER STREET -

I CAN GET IN THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT IN MORTA'S DIVE!



IT SEEMS DESERTED!



LATER ON THE ROOF-TOP  
NEXT TO MORTA'S STUDIO

THE SCARLET SEAL DROPS  
TO THE FLOOR OF MORTA'S  
GLOOMY STUDIO—



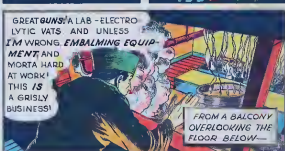
THIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE  
A-A-CHEMISTRY LAB,  
AND —



THE SMELL COMES FROM  
HERE! I'M GOING DOWN!



GREAT GUNS! A LAB - ELECTRO-  
LYTIC VATS AND UNLESS  
I'M WRONG, EMBALMING EQUIP-  
MENT, AND MORTA HARD  
AT WORK!  
THIS IS  
A GRISLY  
BUSINESS!



FROM A BALCONY  
OVERLOOKING THE  
FLOOR BELOW—

BACK IN THE STUDIO—

IF I'M RIGHT, I SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO LIFT ONE OF  
THOSE BRONZE  
STATUES—



—I CAN! MORTA'S A  
FIEND!



NOW, TO GET OUT OF  
HERE! I'LL TRY THE  
DOOR!





BUT MORTA'S BALEFUL  
GLITTERING EYES GLARE  
AT THE SCARLET SEAL —



YOU'RE GOING NO WHERE,  
THANKS TO MY BURGLAR  
ALARM.



CAUGHT LIKE A  
CORRESPONDENCE  
SCHOOL  
DETECTIVE!



SO, YOU'RE THE FAMED  
SCARLET SEAL, EH! WHAT A  
LOVELY STATUE YOU'D  
MAKE, BUT —



B-R-R-R-R!

-I'D BETTER TURN YOU  
OVER TO THE POLICE!

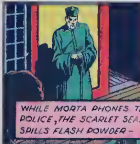


THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!

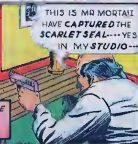
I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN!  
I'LL LET THE POLICE FIND  
ME HERE! AND THUS LET  
MORTA HANG  
HIMSELF!



THIS IS MR MORTA! I  
HAVE CAPTURED THE  
SCARLET SEAL---YES  
IN MY STUDIO---



WHILE MORTA PHONES THE  
POLICE, THE SCARLET SEAL  
SPILLS FLASH POWDER —



TEN MINUTES LATER THE  
POLICE, LED BY BARRY'S  
FATHER ARRIVE!



SO! THE GREAT SCARLET SEAL  
AT LAST! COME ON!

ONE MOMENT! YOU SEEK  
BERNICE FONDA I AM  
TOLD!



DO WE? AND  
HOW!

HASTE SPILLS THE SAKI  
WINE UPON THE GROUND!  
I HAVE FOUND  
BERNICE FONDA!



YOU HAVE?

WHERE?

LIES!



ALSO I SOLVE CASES OF MANY OTHER MISSING PERSONS!



THE SCARLET SEAL SPEAKS- TRUE. TO FIND BERNICE AND OTHERS, LIFT STATUES!



OH NO, BECAUSE - THEY ARE NOT BRONZE STATUES! BREAK THEM OPEN - AND LEARN!



GOOD AND NOW GOOD-BYE!



SCARLET SEAL FIRES THROUGH HIS SLEEVE INTO THE FLASH POWDER.

I'M BLIND!  
I CAN'T SEE!

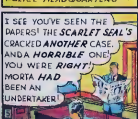


NOR COULD I, IF I HADN'T CLOSED MY EYES!

AND, WHILE MORTA AND THE POLICE GROPE IN TEMPORARY BLINDNESS -



AND AS BARRY STROLLS INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS -



THE SCARLET SEAL GOES BACK TO HIS WAREHOUSE, AND BECOMES BARRY MOORE



THIS GUY MORTA'S A LOONEY THAT WANTS FAME AND STUFF. SO HE DECIDES TO BE A SCULPTOR, IN A GHASTLY SORT OF WAY!



THE NEXT MORNING'S PAPER



INSIDE THAT STATUE OF HER AT MORTA'S! HE'D KILLED HER, AND A LOT OF OTHER VICTIMS. EMBALMED 'EM AND THEN COPPERPLATED THEM, MAKIN' THOSE LIFE-LIKE STATUES OF HIS! TOO BAD HE'S CRAZY, OR HE'D GET THE CHAIR LIKE HE OUGHT TO!





A buzzard wheeled high over the brown San Luis hills. Ah Stevens turned to Jimmy Christian, where they stood near the office of the mine tunnel. He shook his head. "I don't like the looks of that," he said gravely.

"What?" Jimmy said.

"That buzzard. Too late in the day for him to be sailing; must've been disturbed by something or somebody . . ."

Jimmy looked down over the barren stretch of hills. A single ribbon of chalk-white road showed here and there between high bluffs. "Well," he said.

"Ever hear of Pablo Rojas?" Stevens asked.

"The handit! Sure."

"Bad hombre, Rojas. Never troubled us up here, but he's getting holdier . . . that just could be Rojas and his hand the old buzzard's warning."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Maybe we'd better get set for the fireworks, Ah."

Ah spat in the dust. "With two rifles and a brace of pistols? Don't be funny, youngster!"

Jimmy admitted to himself that this situation presented certain obstacles . . . they were only two, against an unknown number. The hundred-odd miners had all gone down the mountain to their homes an hour ago.

"Look, Ah!" Jimmy pointed.

A file of horsemen came out of the pass below them, kicking up a great cloud of dust.

"Rojas, all right!" snapped Stevens. "Now, you let me do the talking, son. Maybe I can fox 'em." He motioned Jimmy back into the office.

Five minutes later the mounting roar of hooves clattered to a halt outside. Jimmy heard one

of the bandits clumping toward the mine office. He took a quick look through the window and saw a gaudy little chap decked out in the fictitious version of the Mexican bandit, Rojas, of course.

"Ho, Senor Stevens!" sang out the bandit.

"Hi, Pablo, what can I do for you?"

Pablo bowed. "The senor can do much for Pablo."

Ah laughed. "I have little to offer, amigo."

"You gringos!" Pablo shook a reproving finger at Stevens. "You have gold, senor, much gold!"

"Pablo's sense of humor . . ." Stevens began.

"Gold, I said!" Pablo cut in, this time with a savage roar to his oily voice. "Let us not dally any longer, senor. We have ridden long miles here for the gold bullion."

Ah Stevens was mad by this time. He took a step forward. "Killers you're crazy, or somehow! You've been kidding you," he stated. "Think we'd keep gold here?"

The handit leader whipped out his revolver. "I'd hate to do it, senor," he said evenly. "But unless you tell me now where . . ."

Jimmy moved then. He had remained out of sight. As he stepped toward Stevens, the latter threw out his hand. Pablo misinterpreted the gesture. He lashed out with his pistol, crushing the hailer against Ah's temple. The mine owner toppled with a crash and blood oozed from the wound over his eye.

Pablo shouted to his henchmen. The outlaws leaped from their horses and came running.

But by this time Jimmy had ducked through a secret door at the back of the office, slammed it shut, and was sprinting up the long tunnel in the darkness. An idea had suddenly popped into his head. He could do nothing for Ah, against that pack of cutthroats. Nothing, that is, unless . . .

Jimmy ran, stumbling, through the semi-darkness. There was no sound of pursuit behind him. They had not discovered the secret door. There was an iron gate locked near the outer mine entrance; it would take them some time to batter it down. They would ransack the office first, thinking the gold



was hidden there. If as there was gold at the mine, Jimmy would be. Ah hadn't said.

A turn in the tunnel brought Jimmy to a supply cabinet in the wall. Hastily he drew out a miner's lamp, lighted it and sped on. The cars were a good five hundred yards up the shaft yet . . . would he be in time?

The cross beams were lower as Jimmy moved the terminus of the drift and he had to duck the last few rods. Then he came to the string of a half dozen mine cars, their wheels blocked, ready for the morning shift, when they would be filled with ore by the laborers and shunted out to the ramp mill.

The string of cars were not, at

the moment, Jimmy's goal. Back at the extreme end of the drift, suspended from the beams above the narrow-gauge tracks, were a dozen huge, globular objects. Very carefully Jimmy cut them down, carrying each one to a cart and gently placing it on the floor. When he had all of them aboard, he gathered up an armful of rocks, kicked the blocks from under the forewheels of the first car, and hurled the missiles . . .

Ab Stevens hadn't moved. A small pool of blood had welled out under his head. He breathed noisily. Pablo and his men ripped the interior of the office to shreds. There must be, the headit chief reasoned, a wall safe hidden somewhere. Miraculously, the door through which Jimmy had fled was not discovered by the searchers and so, cursing in the worst Spanish, they abandoned the office and headed for the mine entrance. The iron portal would give them little trouble.

"A pole!" directed Pablo. "Get a pole and heat the gate down!"

They found a length of telephone pole not far away and, with a dozen men manning it, began a systematic lathering of the iron grille. The lock gave after a few blows. The outlaws dropped their ram and, yelling like Indians, leaped into the tunnel.

Pablo remained outside. Why should he help those lazy, not-so-conspicuous peons to do the dirty work?

The sound of the men's shouting faded and at last Pablo could not hear them at all. They'd find the gold cache, all right! The guingo was not so smart, after all. There was luncheon, Pablo knew, hereabouts. If it could not be found in the office, then of a certainty it was hidden in the mine tunnel. Pablo grinned in anticipation at the great spending spree he'd go on in San Luis Potosi with all that gold . . . what was that!

Far off, cries and shouts drifted to Pablo's ears. The sound grew in volume, piercing screams muffled by the dank confines of the tunnel. Yes, they were racing toward the entrance! And now Pablo could hear a dull roar above the sound of the rapidly advancing men.

"Caranthal!" he muttered, craning his head just inside the tunnel. "What is it?"

The roar grew. The shouts and cries became louder. Several shots bellowed. Then a great rush of conglomerate sound surged out of the tunnel. A bright beam of light suddenly swung into view, around the bend of the tunnel. Figures danced before it, jumped aside, as the rumbling juggernaut, gaining momentum, raced through the mass of running men.

Pablo Rojas took a hasty step



back. There was something out of his realm. He began running down the hill toward the horses. Just before he reached them, the mine cars, coupled together, hurtled out of the tunnel and thundered down toward the stamp mill, a quarter-mile distant. Then from the tunnel issued a veritable cloud of drowning darkness . . .

It was magic! Pablo crossed himself and bolted into his saddle. As he touched spur to his horse, the first of his men bounded screaming from the tunnel. He was running like a scared deer, fanning the breeze savagely with his sombrero. His compatriots followed, in a

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straggling, shrieking line, all of them wielding their hats as if fighting some unseen devil.

The last of Pablo's outlaws vanished down the hill as Ab Stevens came to and wobbled to his feet. He was standing, groggily watching the amazing exodus, when Jimmy hurt into the office from the secret door. There was a huge lump under one eye. Jimmy was grinning.

"Boy!" he exulted. "Did that ever put firecrackers to their heels?"

"What the dickens happened?" demanded Ab, massaging his pained temple gingerly.

Jimmy told him, chuckling. Then he added, "I didn't know whether there was any gold here or not."

"There was," Ab said, grinning. "It just happened that I was lying over the trap door that covered the floor safe; they didn't move me." Ab laughed.

"Say, that was a slick idea, loading those bees into the mine cars. Acted as a sort of blitzkrieg to Pablo and his boys, eh?"

Jimmy stroked his chin with mock superiority. "I'd call it a 'beeskrieg'!"

**READ THE HUNTED CASTLE**  
 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
**Smash Comics**  
 ON SALE MAY 21<sup>ST</sup>

# ABDUL

## The ARAB

By Powell Roberts

AIDED BY HIS FORMER TUTOR, THE DOUBT  
TURK HASSAN, ABDUL IBN BEY WISELY RULES  
HIS MANY TRIBES.



ABDUL'S FAVORITE NIECE, POOCH, IS VISITING HIM. HASSAN IS HONORARY BODYGUARD... MUCH TO HIS DISCOMFORT.

THAT  
IMP OF  
SATAN!



MOST MISCHIEVOUS  
CHILD I'VE EVER.  
WHAT...



LASSOED SECURELY, HE IS A FINE  
TARGET FOR A STINGING SUC-  
TION-TIP ARROW...



WHEN I LAY MY  
HANDS ON  
THAT...  
THAT...



HAF HAF  
HO HO!  
HO!



OH NO, YOU DON'T!  
COME BACK HERE,  
YOU LITTLE  
VIXEN!

LEMME  
GO! YA  
BIG  
LUG!



I'M GOING  
TO...

OH  
YEAH?

HERE?  
WHAT  
GOES  
ON?



OH? HEH? HEH?  
HELLO, ABDUL!  
POOCH AND I  
WERE JUST PLAY-  
ING A  
GAME!

HMM...  
PERHAPS  
YOU'D BETTER  
TAKE HER  
RIDING. I CAN  
SEE YOU'RE  
SUCH GOOD  
FRIENDS!



MEANWHILE A RICH CARAVAN  
PLODS SLOWLY OVER THE DESERT.



SUDDENLY RUTHLESS BANDITS  
ATTACK.. THE CARAVAN HAS NO  
TIME TO DEFEND ITSELF...





IN A FLASH, THE PRINCESS BARDIA IS PULLED OUT OF HER HOWDAH AND CARRIED AWAY BY THE BANDIT CHIEF.



A FEW MINUTE'S LATER THEY THUNDER INTO A HIDDEN CANYON.



HASSAN, LOOK! SMOKE IS COMING FROM THAT CANYON! WONDER WHO IS CAMPING THERE? TAKE A LOOK!



IT'S PRINCESS BARDIA!

YES AND THAT IS KIBUR, THE THIEF! HE'S KIDNAPPED HER!



OH OH! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE'RE NOT WELCOME!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO, KEEP MOVING! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE CHIEF! NOW WE ARE IN FOR IT!



WELL! KISMET IS KIND! NOW I HAVE TWO HOSTAGES FOR RANSOM!



AS FOR YOU, HASSAN, I HOPE THIS LITTLE PIT WILL PROVE COMFORTABLE.



A DAY OR TWO IN THE HOT SUN WILL BURN YOU TO A CRISP. IF YOU DON'T DIE OF THIRST FIRST! HEH! HEH! HEH!



WHILE HASSAN FUMES HELPLESSLY BURIED, POOCH IS PUT IN A TENT WITH PRINCESS BARDIA.

PSST! IF YOU CAN OCCUPY THE GUARD FOR AWHILE, I CAN SNEAK OUT AND GET ABOUL!



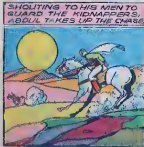
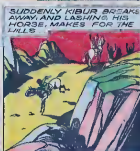
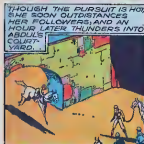
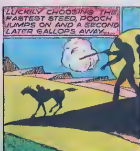
IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD FOR YOU TO DO... I M'GINE HE'LL FIND YOU INTERESTING!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE THAT HE DOES.



WOW! WHAT A TECHNIQUE! A WHOLE ARMY COULD GET OUT OF HERE!





MEANWHILE HASSAN IS QUICKLY  
DUG UP.



FIGHTING DESPERATELY ABDUL  
STRAINS TO KEEP THE BLADE  
FROM HIS THROAT.



WE CAME JUST IN TIME!  
IF IT WEREN'T FOR  
POOCH, YOU'D HAVE  
BEEN AN EX-CHIEF  
NOW!



I SUPPOSE,  
LIKE THE HEROES  
IN THE CARTOONS,  
YOU'RE A TERROR  
WITH MEN, BUT  
A SHRINKING  
VIOLET WITH  
WOMEN?

MA'AM,  
I'M A  
MAN OF  
FEW  
WORDS!



THAT CROOK IS  
ONE OF THE BEST  
WRESTLERS IN  
ARABIA! ABDUL  
WON'T HAVE A  
CHANCE!



SUDDENLY A NOOSE SLIPS  
ABOUT KIBUR'S NECK AND  
JERKS HIS HEAD UP WITH A  
SNAP.



IT WAS SHE WHO THREW  
THE ROPE, AND A BULL'S-  
EYE IT WAS, TOO! SHE'S  
ALL RIGHT! FROM NOW  
ON WE'RE REALLY  
GOING TO BE  
PALS!



BUT CONTRARY TO  
COMIC CHARACTERS,  
I HAVE NO FEAR OF  
LOVELY LADIES  
LIKE YOU!



TRUE TO HASSAN'S FEARS, HE  
SOON GAINS THE UPPER HAND  
OVER ABDUL. THEN KIBUR  
DRAWS HIS DEADLY DAGGER.



HASSAN!  
GOOD  
WORK!



SO YOU'RE  
THE FAMOUS  
ABDUL?

EXCUSE  
US, WE  
WILL GET  
THE  
HORSES!



MUSH!

SISSY  
STUFF!



Chic

# CARTER



DETECTIVE MONAHAN'S  
OFFICE AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS.

H'YA,  
CHIEF..  
WHAT'S  
DOIN'?



SAY, CARTER,  
IF YOU'RE  
AFTER A  
STORY, YOU'RE  
OUTTA LUCK!  
THERE AIN'T  
NO CRIME..  
NOT WITH ME  
ON THE  
JOB!



SUDDENLY A GROUP OF  
WILD-EYED MEN BARGE  
IN....

WE'RE TAX-  
PAYERS..AND  
WE WANT PRO-  
TECTION FROM  
THIS MADMAN!

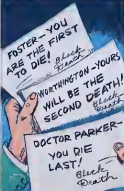
HUH?  
WHAT?



SO THERE AIN'T  
NO CRIME, EH?



SOME MANIAC..  
CALLS HIMSELF  
THE BLACK DEATH..  
MAILED EACH OF  
US A DEATH  
THREAT! HERE..  
LOOK AT THESE!



HMPH! NOTHING  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT, GENTLE-  
MEN..I'LL ASSIGN  
POLICE TO  
GUARD EACH  
OF YOU..THIS  
BLACK DEATH  
WON'T HAVE  
A CHANCE!



THE THREE  
CITIZENS LEAVE  
WITH A POLICE  
ESCORT..





BACK AT THE DAILY STAR, CHIC STARTS LOOKING THRU THE FILES...

BLOW-GUN.. WEAPON OF SOUTH AMERICA AND AFRICA..  
"HMM!"



NOW TO LINK THIS INFORMATION TO FOSTER, WORTHINGTON, AND PARKER! THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY!



WHILE CARTER SEARCHES FOR THE ALL-IMPORTANT CLUE, THE BLACK DEATH PREPARES TO STRIKE AGAIN, THIS TIME AT WORTHINGTON!

WORTHINGTON, THE LAWYER, SITS IN HIS MODERN APARTMENT POLICE GUARD EVERY ENTRANCE.

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BLACK DEATH GET IN HERE NOW!



BUT A SKYLIGHT, EASILY REACHED FROM THE NEXT ROOF.

HA/HA!  
HA/HA!



A CARD FLUTTERS AT THE LAWYER'S FEET.

YOU WON'T GET ME.. I'VE GOT A GUN!



BUT THE BLOW-DART STRIKES FIRST



DEAD, WITH A DART IN HIM! NO ONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN PAST US!



MEANWHILE.. AT THE DAILY STAR OFFICE.

AH! TWENTY YEARS AGO THOSE THREE WORKED FOR HOLT INDUSTRIES! HOLT DIED FOR THE MURDER OF HIS SECRETARY. HE SWORE THEY FRAMED HIM!



THEY GOT CONTROL OF HIS COMPANY.. AND GOT RICH.. HOLT'S SON RETURNED FROM SOUTH AMERICA, THAT'S IT! YOUNG HOLT IS THE BLACK DEATH!!



A PHONE INTERRUPTS CHIC'S THOUGHTS

MONAHAN? WHAT'S THAT? WORTHINGTON DEAD? AND PARKER MISSING!



LISTEN.. TAKE A SQUAD AND MEET ME AT THE OLD HOLT MANSION.. HURRY!



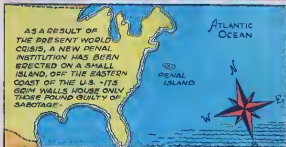
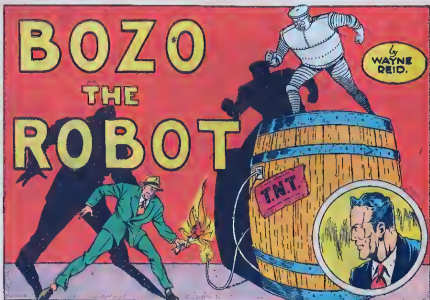




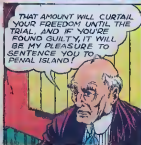
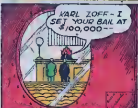
Another fast moving action story of Glibe Carter in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

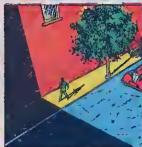
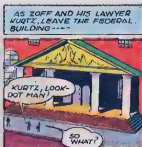
# BOZO THE ROBOT

by  
WAYNE REID.



IN FEDERAL COURT, KARL ZOFF IS BROUGHT IN TO STAND TRIAL FOR AN ARMS PLANT EXPLOSION---





THREE DAYS  
LATER,  
SWIFT  
JUSTICE  
DOOMS  
KARL ZOFF  
TO PENAL  
ISLAND -

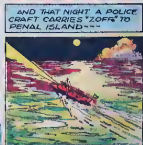
MAIL

**ZOFF GUILTY OF SABOTAGE!**

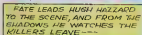
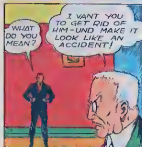
**SENTENCED TO 10 YEARS ON PENAL ISLAND FOR BLAST IN MUNITIONS PLANT THAT KILLED 100 AND INJURED MANY.**

LACKING HIS ORIGINAL BRAVADO, ZOFF MEEKLY ACCEPTED HIS SENTENCE.

**FOUND GUILTY!**

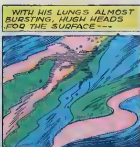


AND IN THE SPY'S HIDE-OUT--





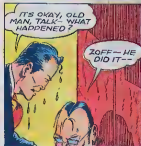
AH! THERE HE IS!



WITH HIS LUNGS ALMOST BURSTING, HUGH HEADS FOR THE SURFACE---



HE'S STILL BREATHING-- NOW TO GET HIM ON THE DOCK!



IT'S OKAY, OLD MAN, TALK-- WHAT HAPPENED?

ZOFF-- HE DID IT--



I KNEW TOO MUCH-- I RECOGNIZED HIS MEN--

ZOFF??-- BUT HE'S ON PENAL ISLAND!!

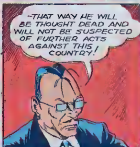


NO-- THAT'S AN INNOCENT MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ZOFF!



THE CLEVER DEVIL!

YES, AND I KNOW HE PLANS TO BLOW UP PENAL ISLAND--



--THAT WAY HE WILL BE THOUGHT DEAD AND WILL NOT BE SUSPECTED OF FURTHER ACTS AGAINST THIS COUNTRY!



YOU SAY HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE PRISON?

YES, TONIGHT!



WHERE DO THEY HANG OUT?

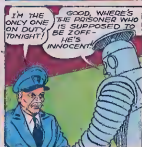
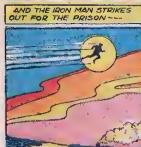
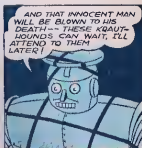
19 DOCK STREET!



OKAY-- YOU LAY LOW AND I'LL SEE THAT ZOFF IS TAKEN CARE OF!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, STREAKS TOWARD DOCK STREET--





THE IRON MAN TEARS THE STEEL BADS APART WITH LITTLE EFFORT--



ZOFF!

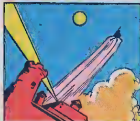
I-I'M NOT ZOFF-MY NAME IS FOX!



I KNOW-WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE IN A HURRY!



PICKING FOX UP HE STREAKS HIGH INTO THE SKY--



BELOW, A TERRIFIC BLAST CHURNS THE SEA INTO STORM-LIKE FURY---



AND AS THE WATER CALMS, ALL SIGNS OF MAN AND ISLAND VANISH BENEATH THE SURFACE-



BOZO AND THE GUARD MEET ON THE DOCK--



SAY, YOU TOLD THE TRUTH!

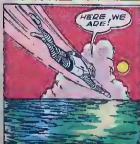
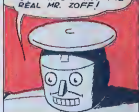
IT LOOKS THAT WAY!

WHO ARE YOU?

SKIP THAT-TAKE FOX HERE TO THE FEDERAL BUILDING--



I'LL DELIVER THE REST OF THE EVIDENCE AS SOON AS I FINISH WITH THE REAL MR. ZOFF!



HERE WE ARE!

WOW! I'LL BE SLUG-NUTTY IF I KEEP USING THIS HEAD OF MINE FOR A DOOR KNOCKER--

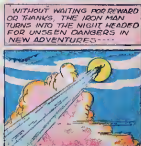
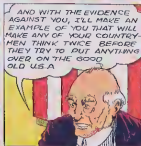
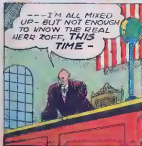
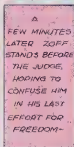
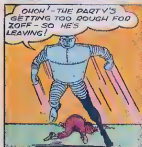


AND IN ANOTHER ROOM--



VOT VAS DOT?

I'LL GO SEE!



Don't miss the next thrilling episode of Bozo The Robot in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.



# BIKE TIRES BUILT LIKE PLANES



## SPEED

Lags driving a bike sprocket and pistons driving a crankshaft are a lot alike. Dead weight saps their energy. That's why in the newest plane engines and in U.S. Royal Rider Tires with Rayon Cord, non-working weight has been cut to zero. Result: more power per pound. More speed!



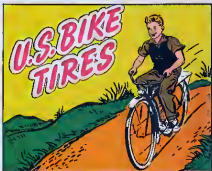
## CONTROL

Note the big, specially designed rubber surfaces on these speedy Army fighters. Why? Answer: speed is useless without control. Then note Royal Riders' 7 riding ribs plus two safety slot traction ribs. They control skids on wet roads or dry.



## STRENGTH

Duralumin, beryllium and magnesium provide the bonework of the latest U. S. airplanes. Strength plus lightness is the order of the day. And in the U.S. Royal Rider with Rayon Cord you get just that—a bike tire built like a plane.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

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